

10-2012

octC2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "octC2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 59.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/59

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

TROLL FLUTE

the hard saying

Mozart in Swedish

instrument of the magc,

dark magic person

I've known all my life

lives under bridges

well copings, under stables, barns,

even under this house.

Under me.

The troll of us

don't deny it

for all your Marx and money

and total government control

he's the one in control,

the magic man

and his flute

is your spine

and up he plays it

till the creamy spaces of your brain

are full of what he needs,

and you speak it

loud in everything you do.

But what is his desire,

this underbridge shadow with eyes,
flute in you he plays from far?
Does he make you walk
always closer to the edges and embankments,
make you look down,
 looking always for him,
your master, with the flute in you
he makes you sing,
 looking for him till he sees you
with his eyes as big as saucers?

All your life you have believed in him
the voice from under
whose words you say outloud.
And you are not alone—
the homeless hear him too
warming themselves below the highway
along the dry riverbeds,
 the bridges, the bridges,
they hear him too
but they do not speak.

6 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Becoming is not being.

Becoming a priest means you're not a priest.

A real priest like a poet always is.

Becoming is only for those who are not.

Becoming is hungry all the time.

6 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Cloud comparisons cloud dawn
a glass of milk on fire
provisional archipelago
her bodice opened
blue hydrangea in the wind
a part of your own bdy suddenly far across the sea

we are made for each other
a broken record on an ardent jukebox
fifty years ago and only now
the glow of your voice—
we are told that her eyes too
are the color of the udambara flower—

we are told so many things
the clouds look like everything we've ever known
there is a list of them
it will never end
someone is always talking
green sea black island

eye land
over where
mostly a cloud remembers a song you almost remember

a common thing
from somebody else's childhood

because I'm not born yet
I have as they say no basis for comparison
so I am empty as a sentence has no noun
because surely even unborn I still verb,

verb as any cloud.

7 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

What color would you paint your door
would it open in or open out
and would you go in?

Here the red fades as the light ascends
bittersweet growing by the fence.

7 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

A myriad myriad fibromyalgia victims
cluster around a single television set, the sun.

And what are we, we other diseases,
blind with desire and deaf with fear?

7.X.12, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

He closed the thick old book and looked at the window, then out of it. It came to him that the traditional descriptions of the alchemic process, the stages of the Great Work, were in fact a description of daybreak. The dream-ridden night, the Opus Nigrum, the black of lead pales slowly lightening towards the glimmer of red that selvedges the clouds, slowly the ardent orange, old sandarac, turns metallic yellow, then full gold of the risen sun. As the sky lifts the morning over the sea, the alchemist spills his secrets into pure gold.

7 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

== == ==

Almost finished becoming me
but am I yet?

The ruddleman the dentist
human professions

sheep ruddled with iron ocher
to mark them as mine

I walk my teeth to the dentist
to make them shine—

when the mind is gone
everything is possible

words carry things on their backs
things humming softly their own names for themselves

the word that hammers in my head
the mind is gone let me out let me out

the wind that stumbles down the hall at night
scratches at the iron door

let me in let me out
in and out are the same direction

what you see as the sky
is a field of blue grass growing down from heaven

or a cornfield all harvested and cut down
and mist covers it and there are crows, calling.

7 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

When alpha's gone who will be my beth?
Can you ride an animal
or did you ever, pony?
Tell me at least the name of this orchid—
how it loved in me to touch that petal.
Or the pansy, I know it all my life,
purple and gold I suppose they'd call it
but I say soft. The stone wall.
The old garage. The windowbox.
Sit down and weep with me at least
we have a lot to grieve about.
A lot of strange flowers yet to name.

7 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Every man a priest and every priest a pope

it said in dream me

you have to do it for yourself

the soul thing

the brink of more than god

it bears in you,

seedwise the light augmenting

till knowing's swallowed up in being

and you are finally good for something,

good for other people

who go on legs

many or few

or none or wings and

are your luminaries too.

What you do you do for them

there are no others

than everyone.

8 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Men who cross their legs at the knee, swinging one leg neatly down almost parallel to the other, are guarding, warding, their female component. That's why you never see an adolescent boy sitting that way—he's still trying to find and assert his maleness. But once that maleness is found, confidence builds, the man's soul looks about himself and finds this other tune of self. The man crosses his legs and says, yes, in my own way I am effectively part of the world. I am included and I include. I am watchful and relaxed, a cat dozing instantly ready to spring. To decide. To decode what passes before me. This is how it is with such men—I have watched them as they sat, and understood.

8 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

She has more give than take.
I hope it's not a tragedy.
She's waiting for that Show Boat
where she can finally display
safe in that dream proscenium
like the floating opera stage
in Austria, everything but the
music of her can float away
so far from anybody's hands.

8 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Close to music
you have to withdraw
into that mysterious
Antarctic inside you
where no music can come
only a crow call
can reach you there.
Or your mother's voice.

8 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

He wanted me to play Janáček
in his movie the bushy hair the mustache
the craziness shared I suppose
the devil music slavs and celts
make do with
groan beneath grace,
and anger everywhere ruddling the smooth of love,
ocher of a madwoman's kiss.

8 October 2012, Cuttyhunk
for Roger Deutsch

=====